

Nimble and Quick ;

Pick and choose where you will, here is something that will please every Body ;

Containing the

Humours of the Age :

BEING

Whimsical, witty, diverting, comical, and
useful Remarks on the Virtues and Vices
of the Times.

To which is added, an excellent SONG called
VARIETY.



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Virtues and Vices display'd, &c.

I NEVER think of a wife till I am hungry, and look out for a whore in hopes she will bring me to a morsel of bread. I love strong beer but twice in a year, and that is in winter and summer. I hate lawyers and liars, because they breed wrangling and jangling. I would be a soldier was there all plundering and no fighting. I love a parson that practices what he preaches; but we are to mind what he says, not what he does. If ever I marry I'll have the ugliest woman I can find, and then I shall be sure to have her to myself. Shew me a poet, a printer, and a quaker, and I'll shew you three liars. Of all the men in the world blind men

walk the most upright, and they are the most charitable, for they never see any one's faults. Of all people I pity whores, for they hazard soul and body for a miserable livelihood. Was I a man in power, I would build almshouses for the rich, and maintain them at their own cost. The greatest folly in the world is to love the world. In ancient ages the world boasted of seven wise men, but now every one is wise in his own conceit: but though some are wise, yet most are otherwise. Of all callings I hate quack doctors, for if they do good the world will hear fast enough of it. The greatest enemies whores have, are the French-pox and the small-pox, one spoils the face and the other the constitution. I hate riches on account of the danger that attends them, for I would not have any throat cut for a bushel of gold. Ballad singers have the honestest trade in the world, for they always deal with ready money; it is also an ancient and an honourable calling. Homer himself was one of the business. Sailors are the bravest fellows alive, for they drink, dance and sing when there is but an inch between them and their grave. Though the astrologer is a wise man, and tells future

events, he seldom can tell the man that cuckolds him, or when.

It would puzzle a philosopher whether to give the a preference to chimney-sweeper, or a scavenger, because they are both useful and necessary. Tea and tobacco are pernicious weeds, and grand thieves, and deserve hanging more than highway-men, for they pick the pockets of the whole nation. What's the difference between ale-draper and linen-draper, only the one cheats you with froth, and the other with cloth. If extortioners cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, where must usurers, tallymen and pawn-brokers go? By cards and dice man is ruined in a trice, for gaming and whoring often hang together. Soldiers and butchers are nearly related in blood, for they equally live by killing and slaughter. I never see a taylor but he puts me in mind of cabbage; nor a miller, or a weaver, but I think of a thief. Actors and apes are the greatest mimics in the world, it is sometimes hard to determine whether they are rational creatures or not. Good old women and good small beer are hard to be found, yet they are both good in their kind. A sober, virtuous, wise boy, is preferable to a vicious, grey-headed old fool, like

as a living dog is better than a dead lion. Number me the stars in the sky, and the sands on the shore, and then I'll number ye the numberless faults of lewd women; yet a fair and virtuous woman is the pride of nature and the glory of the universe: but where shall I find her? Swearing and cursing is the language of hell, which wicked people take pains to learn before they go there.

Beauty is the fairest flower in nature's garden; then who would doat on such a fading toy? Yet had I my will, all bachelors at the age of twenty should be obliged to marry and live honest, with handsome women for their own sake, and homely women for charity. I would constrain wealthy misers to marry poor women, and rich ladies to marry poor bachelors, in order to bring the world on a level, if possible. If I could dispose of nature, I would have all hypocrites with two faces, because like watermen, they look one way and row another. If all men's faults were writ in their faces, what a black scroll would there appear in their foreheads! Portioning of daughters and building of ships are chargeable things, yet after all our pains and cost, they prove but leaky vessels. If I had three

sons, and one of them a dunce, two should practice law and physick, and the third should be a parson. There are five great rarities hard to be found, and those are, a black swan, a phoenix, an unicorn, the philosopher's stone, and a maid at sixteen. There is one abominable practice I can't help reminding you of, that is, neighbours going to law about trifles, when their families have scarce food to eat. There are five things that are wonderfully swift, viz. fame, which like a snow-ball gathers as it goes, a musket-shot that kills before you hear the report, the sight that reacheth the highest heavens in an instant, thought, that traverses the globe in an instant, and lightning which kills the child in the womb, and hurts not the mother, and also melts the gold in the bag without singeing the canvass.

Some say that England is the garden of the world; but, as the French king says, there's many a bitter weed in it. Others call it a paradise for women, a purgatory for servants, and a hell for horses.

We have the handsomest women in the world I must own, and we give them the greatest privileges, viz. the honour of the hat, the wall, and the third of our estates, and the like; yet they seldom give us any

thing in return but a swinging pair of horns,
 and like the devil, the more you humour them
 an inch, they will then take an ell; but still
 there is no general rule without an exception.
 What I speak is upon the common rumour
 of men—one story is good till another is told.
 In the mean time give me leave to speak my
 thoughts; and those are that I believe good
 husbands make good wives; and good wives
 make good husbands; and if they are both
 bad, there are six of one and half a dozen of
 the other. So mend us all.

And thus I've finish'd what I first propos'd,
 And if I've more or less than truth disclos'd,
 Then what you like not excuse me for this
 time;

'Tis need makes old wives trot; and poets
 rhyme:

Therefore extend your half-pence if you please,
 And I'll pray for you all my remaining days.

THE SONG CALLED VARIETY.

ASK you who is singing here?
Who so blythe can thus appear?
I'm the child of joy and glee,
And my name's—Variety.

Ne'er have I a clouded face,
Swift I change from place to place,
Ever wand'ring, ever free,
Such am I—Variety.

Like the bird that skims the air,
Here and there and every where,
Sip my pleasures like a bee,
Nothing's like—Variety.

Love's sweet passion warms my breast,
Roving love but breaks my rest;
One good heart's enough for me,
Though my name's—Variety.

Crowded scenes and lonely grove,
All by turns I can approve:
Follow, follow, follow me,
Friend of life—Variety.

THE END.

